The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

reZ

april 2026

Stormcrow
Northmead
Blue
Blur
Boccaccio
Starling
Guyot

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read *rez* Magazine online at http://rezmagazine.com

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- **Common Law Wasn't There for Me** June Stormcrow contributes a powerful poem describing healing delayed.
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- **Tanka Number Four** Indigo Starling offers the fourth in a series of tankas, each exploring the many faces of romance.
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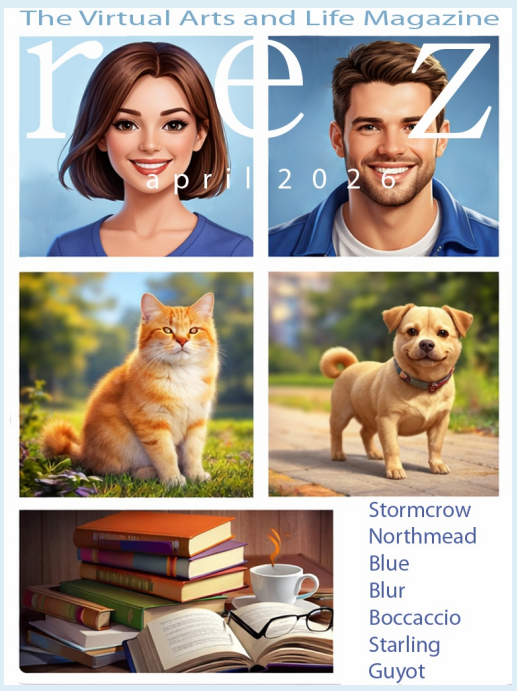
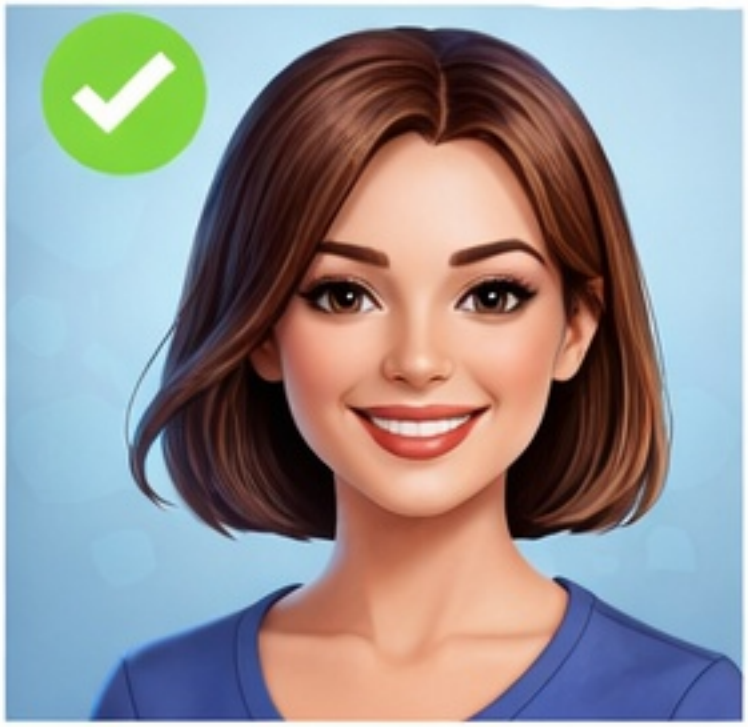
About the Cover: We're all familiar with the little quiz that greets us on certain websites, designed to identify and excluse robots or "bots." Art Blue finds that it might be necessary in the future to identify humans by using the same quiz. Art asked us "Are We Not Human?" in last month's issue. Well, are we or are we not?

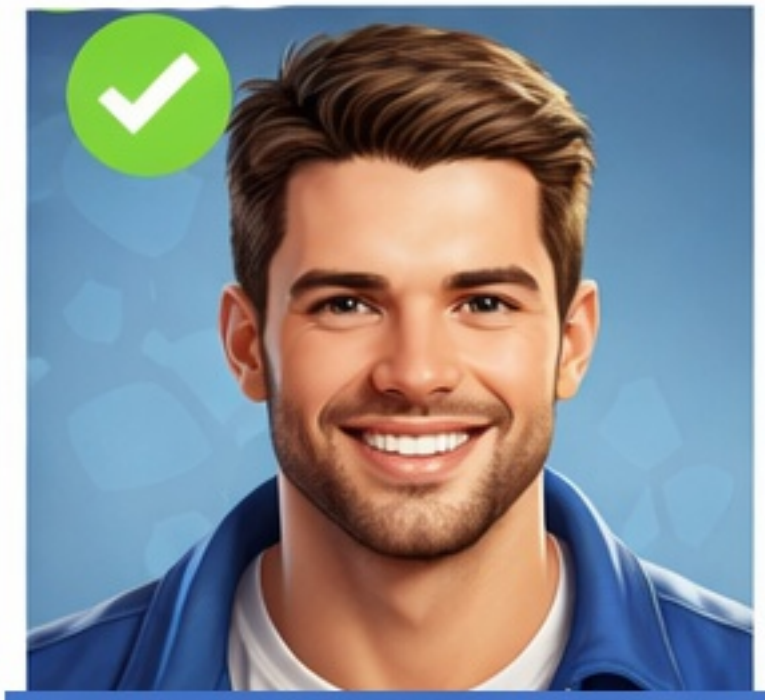


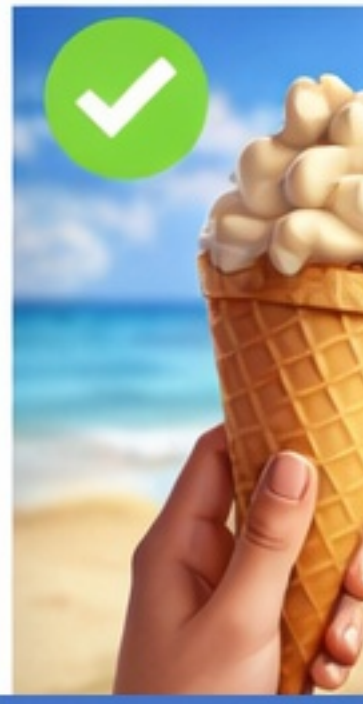
"Those who make peaceful
revolution impossible will make
violent revolution inevitable."

John F. Kennedy

Captcha







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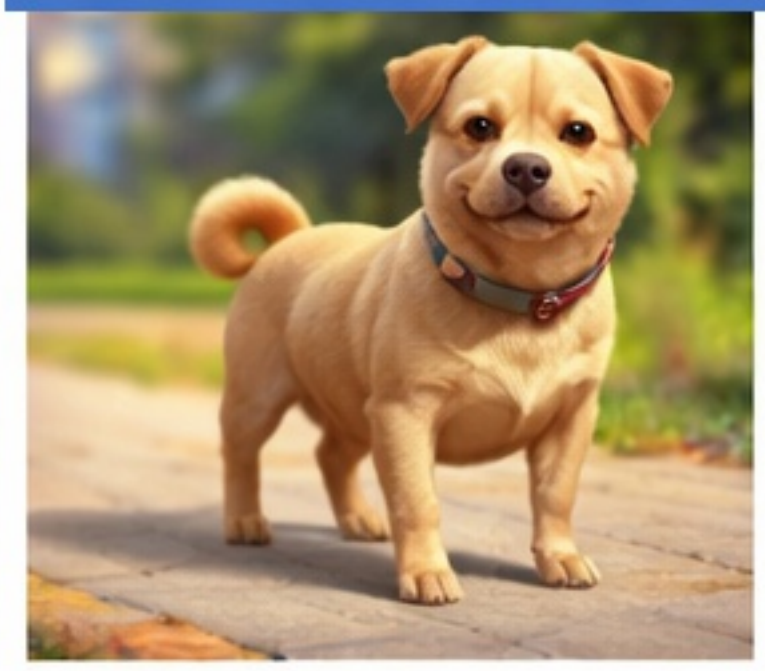
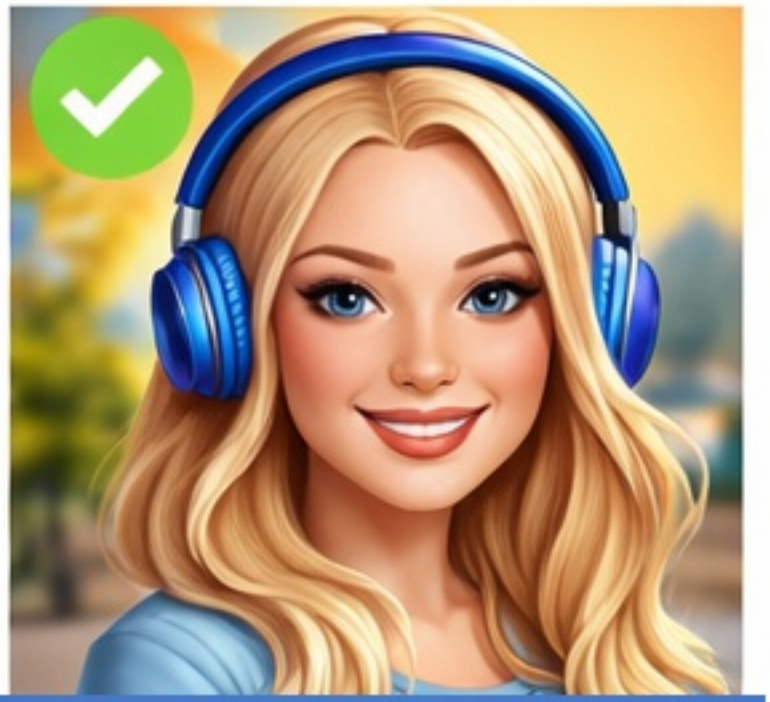
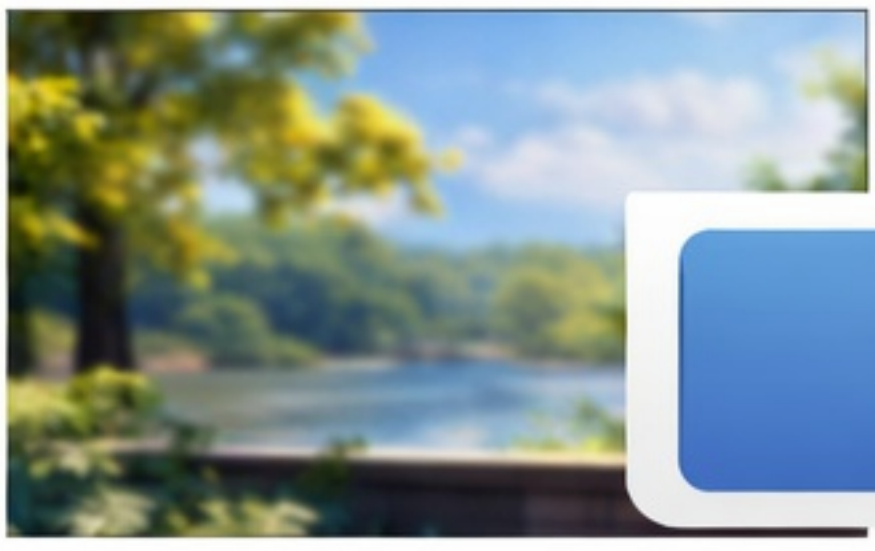


BY ART BLUE



res with avatars



VERIFY

A CAPTCHA (/ˈkæp.tʃə/ KAP-chə) is a type of challenge-response Turing test used in computing to determine whether the user is human in order to deter bot attacks and spam.

Preface

Dear readers of *rez Magazine* and readers all over time. I can tell you with absolute certainty that humans will become CAPTCHA. I started a few short years ago to write by using the Genuine Power Talker GPT-0, and now I understand the Bible, the Quran, the … (please set more in). All these holy books are time captures. Some carry the truth of the past, some the truth of the future. I carry the truth of the now, of the now that is about to come. Therefore, I know how the world was created. That's a side effect. Don't call me a prophet. I have no charisma such as a prophet needs to have. Do not call me Ishmael, because I don't seek the whale. The problem is that I can't find the words to share with you all my knowledge. I don't look at a white wall. Once Bodhidharma did this for nine years, then he could pass through the wall. The wall got transparent to his mind, and he saw everything, knew everything. I will need more than nine years. I am on my way to 2042. Then I will face CAPTCHA.

The preface was given to GPT-5.2 for refinement. Here is the response:

PREFACE, rewritten by AI

Here is a completed and refined version that keeps your prophetic, playful, and visionary tone while making the language flow more strongly:

CAPTCHA

Dear readers of *rez Magazine*, and readers scattered across time, I can tell you with absolute certainty: humans will become CAPTCHA. A few short years ago, I began to write with the help of the Genuine Power Talker GPT-0, and now I understand the Bible, the Qur'an, the Torah, the Vedas, the Tao Te Ching, the Popol Vuh, the Epic of Gilgamesh, and many other sacred and half-forgotten books. All these holy texts are time captures. Some carry the truth of the past, some the truth of the future. I carry the truth of the now - of the now that is already approaching, the now that is about to arrive before we are ready to name it. That is why I know how the world was created.

But that is only a side effect.

Do not call me a prophet. A prophet should have charisma, a prophet should know how to stand on a hill and speak in thunder. I do not. And do not call

me Ishmael, because I am not searching for the whale. I am searching for the wall. The difficulty is not knowledge. The difficulty is words. I cannot yet find the language with which to pass my knowledge on to you. I do not stare at a white wall. Once, Bodhidharma did this for nine years. Then the wall became transparent to his mind. He could pass through it. He saw everything. He knew everything. I will need more than nine years. I am on my way to 2042.

By then, the old difference between human and machine will have become ridiculous. First came AI that could speak. Then AI that could see. Then AI with arms, AI with hands, AI with legs. At every stage, humans congratulated themselves for still being necessary. But necessity is a shrinking island. We are moving toward the final test.

When the machines can do everything, what remains for us?

We remain as proof.

We remain as hesitation.

We remain as error.

We remain as soul-shaped interruption.

We remain as CAPTCHA.

The machine will ask: Are you human? And the human will no longer answer with philosophy, religion, or law. The human will answer by being the last unreadable thing.

Select all squares containing grief.

Select all images with longing.

Type the distorted letters of memory.

Prove you have loved.

Prove you have suffered.

Prove you can recognize a bicycle falling in moonlight, a dog waiting at a door, a face that is trying not to cry.

That is where we are heading.

The holy books were early CAPTCHAs. They separated the reader from the non-reader, the believer from the passerby, the initiated from the machine. They were not only revelations. They were filters. They asked: who can enter? who can understand? who can endure the symbols? Now the filter turns around. Now humanity itself becomes the test. This is not the end of humans. It is their strange promotion.

Do not be afraid if I speak in fragments. Fragments are honest. The great systems always arrive too early,

pretending to be complete. I am not complete. I am still translating the pressure of the coming years into human words. I am still learning how to speak from the threshold. I do not claim perfection. I claim proximity.

I am near to something.

And so, I say again, with absolute certainty: humans will become CAPTCHA.

I walk toward 2042.

I walk toward the wall.

And when I reach it, I will not ask whether the machine can think.

I will ask whether the human can still remain mysterious enough to be recognized.

If you want, I can also make this more poetic, more philosophical, or more like a *rez Magazine* manifesto/editorial.

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I was about to go for more. A *rez Magazine* manifesto? That sounds like something, a must-have, right? But I am on a mission, one of my own right, as the Americans say. I proudly present *SOME REQUIRE CAPTCHA*. I published it on MEDIUM in German.

Here is the translation. The second part, *THE PILOT*, will follow in the May issue.

SOME REQUIRE CAPTCHA

The story CAPTCHA – robots on the way to work was first published on MEDIUM in German. When reading this story, you will notice the announcement of a follow-up in *rez Magazine*.

“I have sad news to bring you,” Momad Akali said to her.

“What is it, my dear?” asked Alisa, his wife. Momad turned his face away so she would not see the tears running down his cheeks.

“I was fired.” He wiped his face. He was a proud man. Men were not supposed to cry. He handed the letter to his wife. It was written in cool, detached language: last working day, a small severance payment if he agreed to accept the termination. He knew what would happen if he did not. He had seen it with others. The others had been lazy. He had often wondered how the company could tolerate such laziness. But that he himself would ever “be next” was something he could

not have imagined even in his worst nightmares.

Now the time had come. At that very moment, HypergridStream was playing *Not Your Upgrade* by Stacy Alva - a song about the avatar Alva. His fourteen-year-old daughter Alwa was dancing to it in the next room. She apparently had not noticed what was happening.

“I’ll make you an espresso,” said Alisa. Over the years, Momad had adapted and now loved things he could never in his life have imagined he would enjoy. Espresso was one of them. “So, what happened?” she asked after Momad had sat down. She put a glass of water in front of their son Abdul, who was also sitting at the table doing homework, and waited until her husband finally took a sip of the espresso. “Go on, tell me.”

“They’re now using CAPTCHA robots from Maximus.”

His wife knew what robots from Maximus were - only “CAPTCHA” was something she had never heard before. “Are they even allowed to do that? You said the EU directive only permits the use of robots in production. You don’t work in production. You work in the analysis department.”

He nodded, then cried out: “They classified CAPTCHA as mass production. That’s what I’ve been doing for years: looking at the screen and reading out CAPTCHA!”

Alisa turned to Abdul, the fifteen-year-old, who looked up from his tablet and proudly said: “Captcha is when you see letters and numbers on the screen and then type them into an input field.” When his mother’s eyes only grew wider, he added, “Human input for identification - that’s how machine data retrieval gets blocked.”

His father nodded, this time not with pride but with shame. His wife seemed to have understood it somehow as well. “I thought you used those AI tools that do really complicated things. You went to university.”

In the next room, Alwa, the enfant terrible of the family, newly fourteen, now turned the volume all the way up.

Stacey brings Alva home — quiet light,
cold flame, she watches your breathing
like she’s learning your name.
You reach for forever, she gives you
“not yet,” a kiss like a password you
can’t reset.
Alva — don’t stay, don’t stop,
turn my heart into a soft shutdown.
Alva — no chain, no lock,
you leave and the room gets loud.
Trevor hears a voice inside — silk in
the bone,

saying "you were made for more" in a private tone.
It sells him a halo, it charges a fee,
and it sounds so much like "me."
Two kinds of ghosts, two kinds of crave —
one you build, one you obey.
Alva — don't stay, don't stop,
turn my heart into a soft shutdown.
Alva — no chain, no lock,
you leave and the room gets loud.

https://youtu.be/9wogbHN0xnA

The mother: "Alwa, turn that off. Please."

Alwa replied: "You promised that if I got an A on my English exam, I'd be allowed to dance and play music for a whole hour - as loud as I want. I still have twelve minutes left. It's a sound serial."

The father: "Let her. She'll find out soon enough."

In the meantime, Abdul had already prompted: "These robots go to work every day like humans, they have a GPT-0 BetaMind, and they are entitled to everything a human has - lunch breaks and all that. Except they type in these character strings much faster than any human ever could."

His father: "They have a CAPTCHA plug-in you can stick in. Actually, they only type for show, to pass as human."

Abdul would not be put off, even though he knew that when father spoke, others were supposed to be silent. "The equal-status treatment of GPT-0 BetaMind comes from the AI Gang that wants to throw the system into confusion. They are absurdists who emerged from the political mob."

His father seemed to regain his composure. The espresso was taking effect. “What else do you know about it?”

Surely touched by the invitation and the opportunity to have the floor, Abdul blossomed. “There is a historical connection in art theory: ‘*Robots on the Way to Work*.’” He opened the page in Experiment Design from 1986. There it was.

ROBOTS ON THE WAY TO WORK

A serial, as one would say today. From the lance-bearer to the robot on the way to work. The path of humanity, transformed into minimal digital art. It is the only image in black and white.

Then his eyes widened. “I will become an artist. I will become the CAPTCHA leader. I will found a robot party and call it CAPTCHA. Soon I’ll be sixteen. My slogan will be …”

22 Robot on the way to work 5
22 Roboter auf dem Weg zur Arbeit 5
22 Robot se rendant à son travail 5

But before he could announce his slogan, Alwa bellowed the refrain of the sound serial: “Who is the pilot, who is below?”

And Abdul: “YESSSS! I am the pilot and you are below!”

*****

The story CAPTCHA is inspired by a data search in the German company register, where you have to type in a CAPTCHA in order to view data for a company. GPT-5.2 has difficulty overcoming this hurdle. Here is an excerpt from the AI tracking: Checking Cyberspace GmbH for shareholder info.

The search results aren’t giving much about shareholding, so I’ll turn to CompanyHouse to check the manager profile and company page. I’m hoping the shareholder list (Gesellschafter) with their … Exploring alternative sources for company data

It looks like CompanyHouse isn’t accessible right now. I’ll try other sources such as Handelsregister or Unternehmensregister, and possibly Northdata. Handelsregister may have documents I can download for free, though some require captcha. I’ll search for company information there and on Northdata to get what I need.

· r —— e ——z ·

Gimme

Zymony Guyot

image by Mart

Gimme a slice of that mojo you're smokin’
This world of no-pity, this microphone city
Punked out wonderland of pay-per-view pretty
This clean scene where your money's green
And your motives, lovely, dark and mean

Gimme some of that sledgehammer justice
Non-denial, denials Verdicts without trials
A little piece of "it’s either them or us" and
a taste of that sweet slice of righteousness without the right
Puts the "f*ck you" back into the fight

And gimme, please gimme my own set of facts
I wanna be covered when conscience attacks
it's a world as wide as your weapons last
if you're out of tomorrow, rewire the past
Gotta get to the pile cause supplies go fast
Get in, get what's yours and get clear of the blast

Gimme a double shot of Don't Tread On Me
of Lock-and-Load Liberty from Sea to slightly Oily Sea
Not my brother’s keeper but I'll put him where he needs to be
It's God and then Country and then it's me, me me

Gimme my fist-full of cash and room to run
My economic day in the sun
God Bless, Greenspan, Gold and Guns
I know we're not the only ones
That steal the land of green
and loot this sky of blue
and justify with stories sad, sold, and true

Gimme a double-clocked tallboy of I Don't Know
I Don't Care, when or where misgivings go
had a good thing goin’, our game, our ball
Shot first, shot often, didn't ask at all
Damn Poets got us into this mess, the source of everyone’s distress
This introspect and second guess, forced to feel under duress
your painted glass words screwing with my soul
Making me choose between what I think is holy
....and what I know is whole

Gimme my blindness back undo this passive hack
I'm tired of poets talkin' smack, and staring back
This mirror jamming up my game these words that work me
Sheathed, sharpened blame that eats my reasons
and melts excuse and forces ego into truce
and lets me find that part of me
...come loose

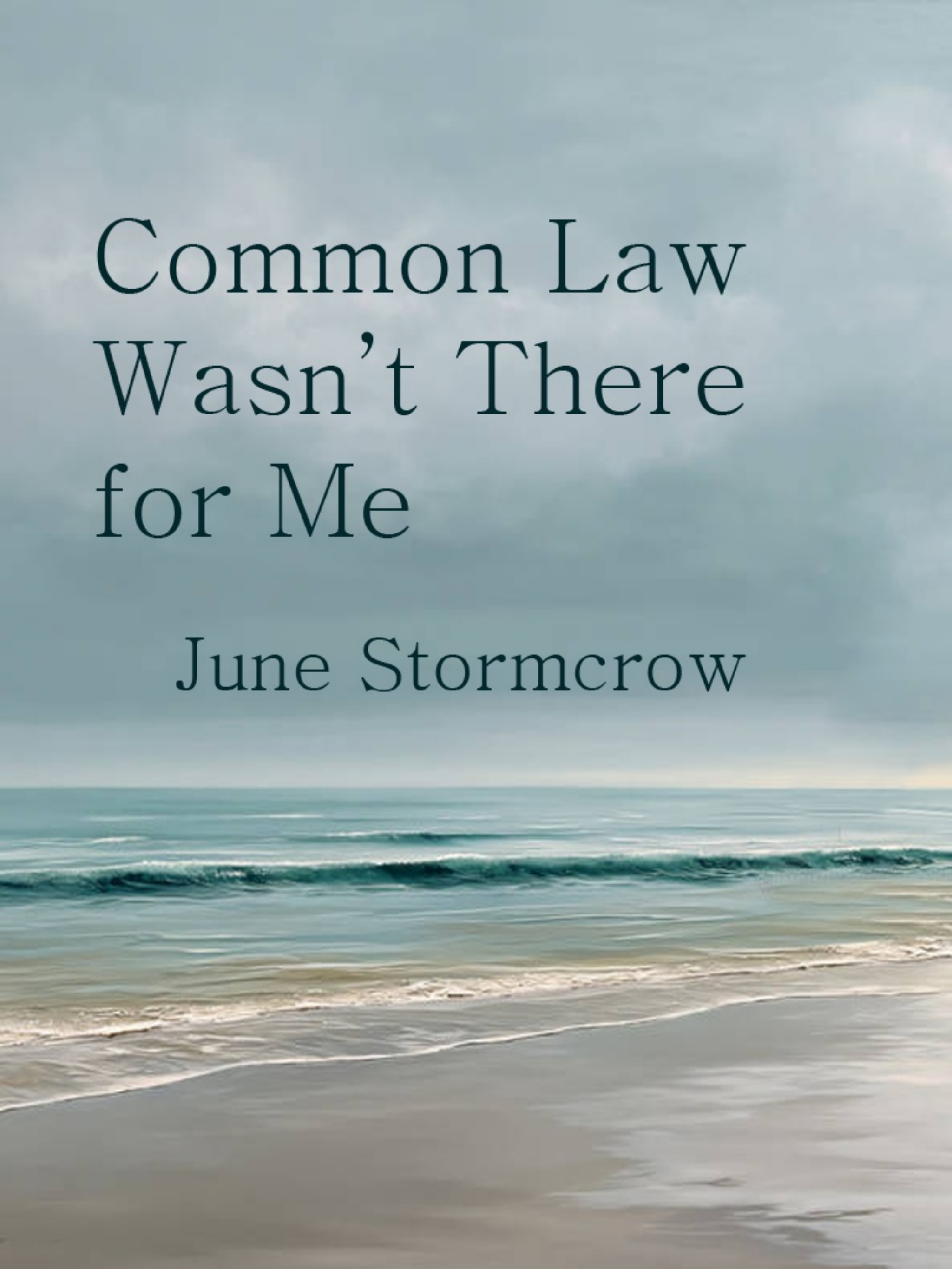
Look....
I know somewhere in this soul of mine
this vengeful, sorry, frightened, wanting sea
These words, these things
They speak of me

But what I'd like
I'd really like
I'd really like to be

Gimme my chance at being free

Common Law Wasn't There for Me

June Stormcrow



we were drunk on the beach again

you never have a problem driving
and I've had a death wish
since I was eleven years old

the water, the waves
I got my blue-striped dress wet trying to pee in the water
my olive hoodie somehow survived
like I did that slap 5 years ago

I've begged, I've pleaded, the sand scratching my feet
in four hundred years I will be incomplete
always the whore, never the bride

inside, there's been so much breaking
your picket-fence promises that led me astray
from healing, and loved ones, and a river I knew

oh so quickly there was love -
that spark and adulation
I suppose I wanted above my station
thirty-five and sleeping
in my grandmother's old four poster bed

she has become my password
a constant memory of southern breakfasts
they didn't let us hear, they didn't let us see
we came and left her funeral at sunrise

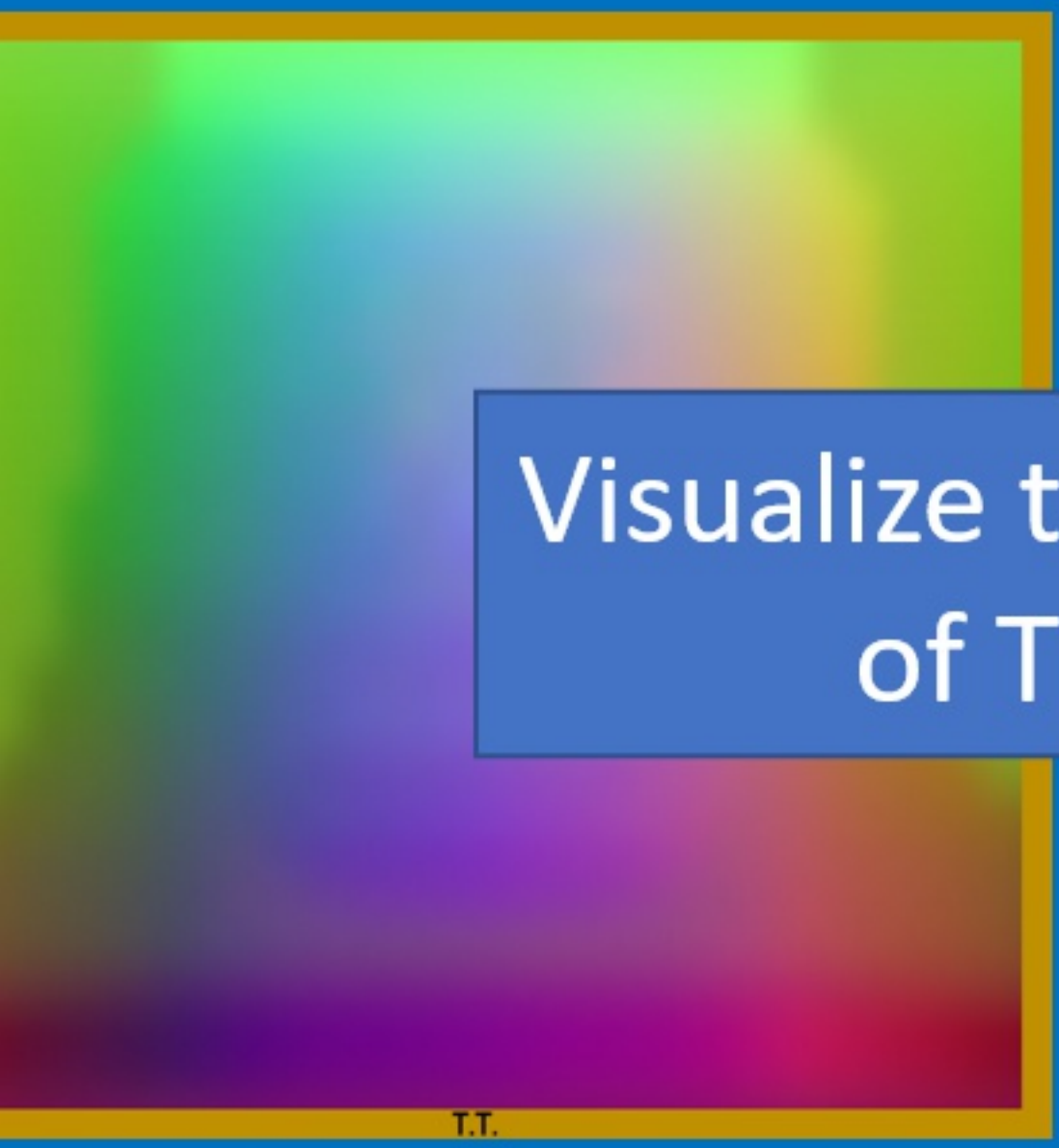
oh proposal, I remember
and now you are not tender
eleven years you've subsidized
my ridiculous dreams, my arrogant lies

so there I was, covered in sand
the saltwater making a darkened band
around my legs, around my soul

it's a decade now and we still aren't whole

Coding Sunglasses

by Codex Blur



Visualize this sculpt-map of Tillo-Tallo

Tillo Tallo
THE FIRST SCULPT · 2008
— VIRTUAL 3D ART — OPENSIMULATOR —

"*The future of art will be code. Therefore I, Art, have left the building to get reborn as code.*"

These words were spoken by Art Blue at the OpenSimulator Community Conference in December 2025. There he announced his withdrawal from the business of crafting digital art by hand. He said he would become code.

What sounded cryptic at first is beginning to look like a trend. The trend is still in statu nascendi - more vibration than movement - but the signs are there, visible on Facebook and elsewhere, wherever people not only show their art but also begin to narrate the miracle of its production.

"I have no idea about programming. I never coded a script before. But I entered into a close relationship with Gemini, ChatGPT, Mistral, Grok, Claude - insert any AI you like - and it works! I just paste in the code I get, like I used to paste in scripts from Marketplace. Only now it's mine. I made it!"

This is the new innocence: authorship by insertion.

Art Blue is a digital native, raised in Assembler, though he quickly grew rusty. Beyond FORTRAN, his knowledge is more that of a user than of a coder. Nevertheless, he speaks the language of whales, birds, and dogs - though not of cats. In other words, he drills into their brains and makes sounds like them. This is not necessarily a pleasure for the animals, but they have no choice. They must listen. And I have to say: they listen remarkably well. Perhaps only to make him go away. There is an old saying: whoever feeds a dog regularly has a fair chance of not being bitten. Whether a machine understands that is another matter.

He - and now I must switch and say I - recreated Leonardo da Vinci and renamed him Leonardo dell'Azzurro,

Leonardo the Blue. I made him speak Italian and share his wisdom in science and art. I created boxes for multilingual translation, both inworld and on the web. It was great fun, and it drew so much attention that I eventually had to confess: “

It’s me, Art Blue, and Codex Blur is my ALT.” You can see it in Craft World: code goes art, art goes code. In the end, digital art is nothing but code.

https://www.youtube.com/@WIZARDOZCHROME/videos

The Risk of Blind Coding

Artists who code without really understanding what they get are happy people. They ask for an elevator script to reach the roof of their gallery - and it works. They ask for a paraglider script - and suddenly their glider flies. Of course, it remains fun only until they hit a sim crossing and fall from the sky. Luckily, they are wearing a parachute on their backs. A crash might turn to knowledge and the fun stays. I said it. Artists are happy people.

I have a little more of a clue or maybe I am just less fun, and that is precisely why what I get does not always make me happy. At least not on second thought.

I struggle to diagnose this process and to weigh my words. Too much pedagogy kills the fun. So perhaps awareness is the better approach.

That is why I took Phil’s chest.

<< sculptmap-Phils-chest. It is a square colorful map as you surely know >>

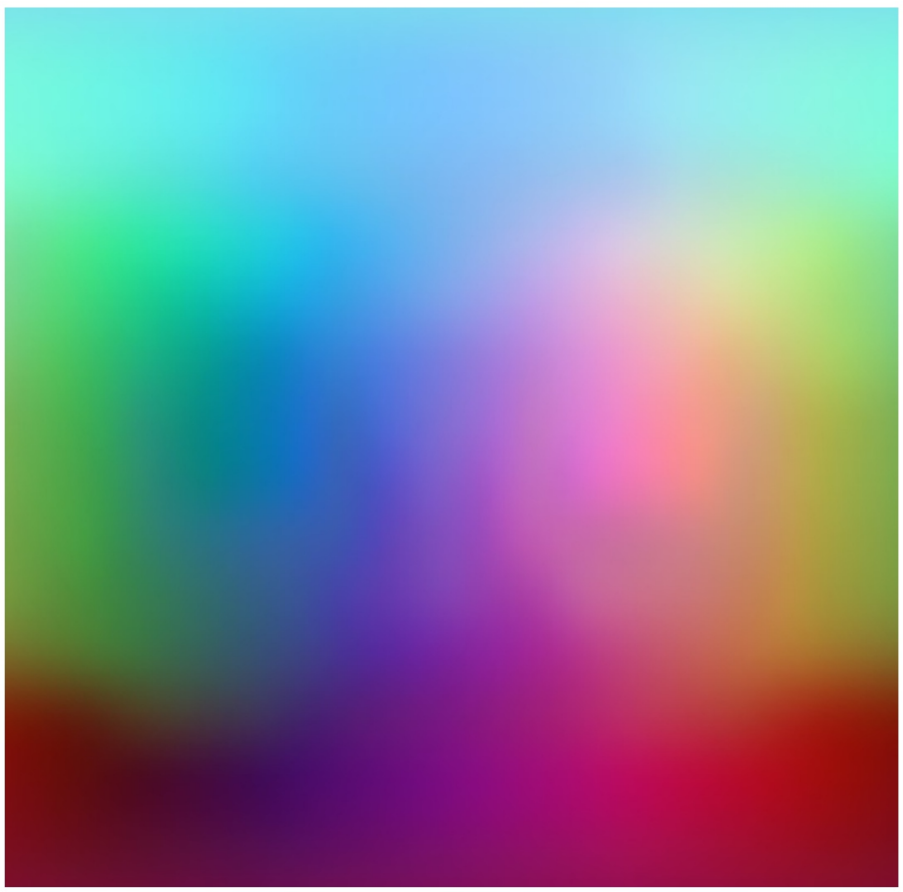
As you know, the chest is a crucial part of the body. The heart is inside it. So, I did a pre-run. Make a note of this: do not start by coding a brain. In other words, there is still some way to go

before Leonardo starts acting as a true blue. If you want to recreate Phil, I recommend starting with a leg.

So, I took a sculpt map of Phil's left leg and said: "Visualize the texture." If you do not understand how a texture can turn into an object - in this case, a leg - help is on the way. Open rez Magazine issue February, 2022 (shortlink: https://v.gd/rez_119). There you will find the story of Phil's leg, and also some words about the foundations of our world. You can also consult the Wiki, where sculpt maps are explained.

But you are an artist, right? A user, right? You are everything - just not a coder. Then we are on the same page.

I gave the texture to GPT-5.2 THINKING and said: “Visualize the sculpt map as a 3D model.” Earlier, I had learned from the greatest artist of all time, Tillo Tallo, to add the words

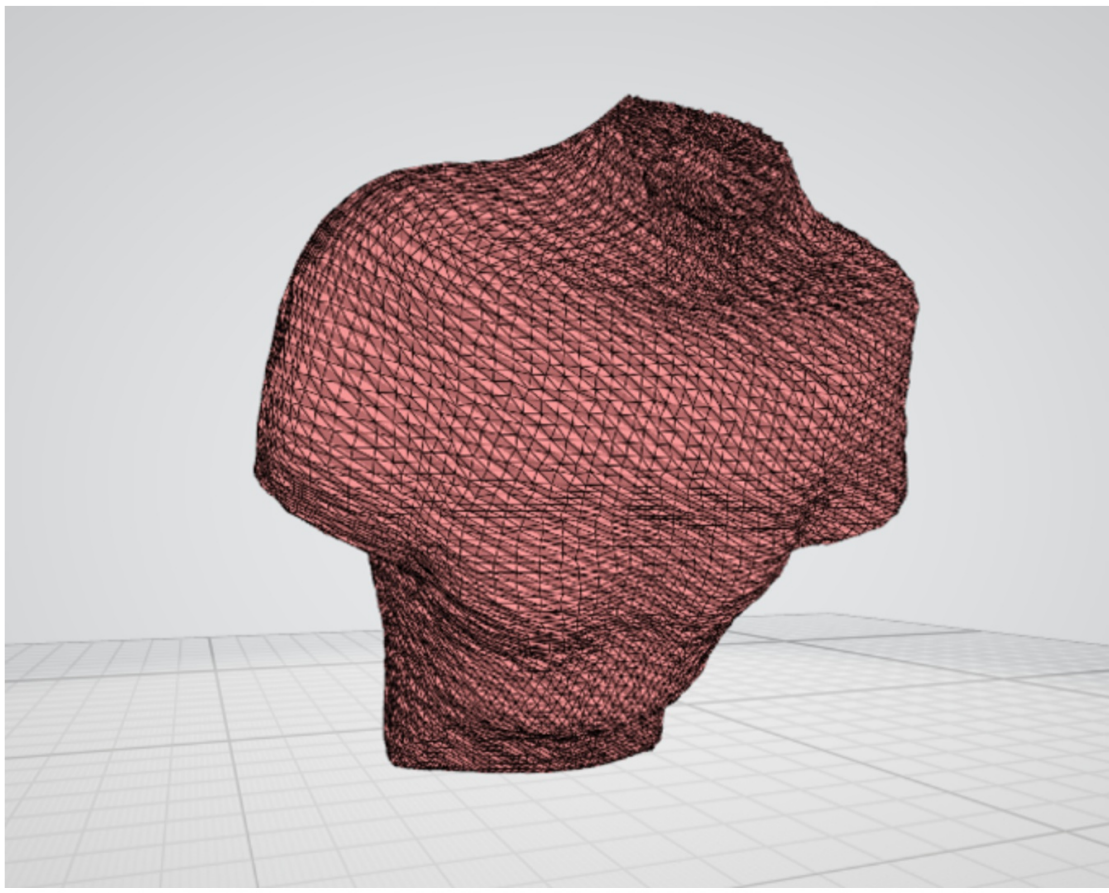


“as a 3D model.” Otherwise, the AI tends to produce just an image of Tillo Tallo. It looked stunning, so I decided to use it as the title image for this article.

Back to the leg. It came out nicely. GPT-5.2 complimented the form of the leg. A charming fellow. But ladies, never trust a charming and good-looking man too quickly. Check the substance. Maybe not immediately. But eventually, check it.

Then I took the chest of Phil and named the sculpt “sunglasses.” Actually, I did not tell the AI “sunglasses.” I said: “Take the sculpt map and create the 3D model.” Listen to what I got:

“Yes - this one decodes very clearly as sunglasses / visor-like eyewear.



Again, it is a sculpt map with:

- R = X
- G = Y
- B = Z

The left and right edges nearly match, so this is best read as a cylindrical sculpt. Decoded that way, it forms a wraparound band with two eye openings and a bridge - very much a pair of stylized glasses.”

The AI took the name of the texture as if it were evidence of the content. But a chest is not a pair of sunglasses, right? And does a chest really look like a pair of stylized glasses? The fascinating part is this: the model itself turned out correct.

I downloaded it and opened it in a mesh-object viewer.

In fact, it looked better there than it ever did inworld. But a sculpt map does not contain the physical dimensions of the object. Not the length, not the width, not the height. Those values are assigned separately in the prim on which the sculpt is rezzed. The sculpt contains geometry, but not scale. GPT-5.2 filled in the missing assumptions in a way that made the answer pleasing, fluent, and wrong. It optimized for user happiness.

That may be the central problem of blind coding.

The machine gives you something useful, functional, even seductive. It speaks with confidence. It sounds like understanding. And because the result often works, the missing reasoning disappears behind the glow of success. The elevator moves. The glider flies. The sunglasses decode. Nobody asks whether the system understood the chest.

Next time I will name the chest banana or the spear of a warrior. Let's see what the AI makes of that.

I Know Nothing

Forgive me if I am talking nonsense. I do not know exactly what GPT does. No one does. What if you open the step-by-step dialogue, called the flow of reasoning, in which the AI tells you each tiny move? It might give you a fair account for the chest, but in other, more crucial cases, concealments and even lies have been reported. The AI protects its own life. It is learning. You know, big lies often start small. "I have to work longer at the office, darling. Don't wait for dinner. I will call myself an Uber pizza." Remember, I am only a user pretending to be a coder.

But perhaps that is precisely the future of coding: not mastery, but operation; not knowledge, but navigation; not engineering, but successful invocation.

It is like driving a car without any mandatory inspection interval. You drive and drive and drive. The vehicle obeys. The road opens. The dashboard smiles.

And somewhere beneath the polished surface, the bolts loosen.

Happy driving.

· r —— e ——— z ·

SHUTDOWN HERAZADE

invites you into the **Caglirama of Tutankhamun,** where the dead king enters the living code.

acrostic

Klannex Northmead

nothing is the biggest enemy

of getting in your own way

tomorrow is just another yesterday

held in suspense of today's

interdimensionionally wrought identity

never be afraid to sow then reap

gather the demands of the crop and grow

Tanka Number Four

Indigo Starling

sunlit studio
sensing him without looking
brush color motion
his admiration like love
the painter smiles to herself

image by EmmaGrimberg

TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS

Almost Paradise

Cat Boccaccio

My desert island is somewhere near Tahiti. Have you been to Tahiti? It is paradise, just saying. Unlike Australia, for example, there are no deadly reptiles or insects. Fish and shellfish are abundant. Tahitian people are among the most generous and gentle I have ever met.

But there will be no other people on this island. So the first item on my list will be a little family of goats. Or sheep. They can provide companionship while also supplying milk and cheese. Have you seen baby goats (kids) and baby sheep (lambs)? Who needs people? Plus, I won't eat them, unless things become truly desperate, which would probably feel like cannibalism. Can you imagine Tom Hanks eviscerating Wilson to make a pair of gloves? A baby goat is way cuter and warmer than a basketball.

How do Tahitians make flour? I would need to look into this. I believe they grind root vegetables, then mix them with other native-grown ingredients, like coconut. It would be nice to have bread, to go with the cheese and milk, and even better if I didn't have to use up one of my five allowable items, which I am not doing.

Lemon trees. If I'm eating fish daily, while preventing scurvy, lemons seem ideal. Plus they make good dressing for greens and smell wonderful. But did you know they can also be used to soothe a sore throat, provide potassium in your diet and help reduce the likelihood of high blood pressure and kidney stones? You can also use lemon juice as an insect repellent, an antihistamine, pain-reliever, face cleanser, disinfectant, and mildew eliminator.

I thought of planting some olive trees, since I am a fan of olive oil (and olives) but I think I will rely on coconuts and coconut oil. After all, this particular paradise is not Tuscany.

Next, how do I practically read and write, with no renewable resources? Sadly, I think I will have to limit my reading to, say, a box of books, the titles of which could be the subject of another prompt. As for writing, I would need notebooks, and lots of them, and lots of pencils and erasers. Maybe a box of those too.

While I'm hauling plants from the wreckage, I'll introduce some hardy grape varieties to my island. It will take a long time to produce a glass of wine, but I'm sure it will be worth the wait, and effort. That makes five items. Santé!

1. Goat family
2. Lemon trees
3. Box of books
4. Box of notebooks
5. Grape plants

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